HELEN.

When she died-and she was an old woman-the two little cardboard boxes, tied with white ribbon, and each containing a tiny morsel of wedding cake, were found in her bureau. But when the first of these keepsakes came into her hands she was quite young and, in a way, even beautiful, though hers was never a beaut, which commanded general attention, or caused her to be looked after in the street.

Understand that, although I loved her, and might, perhaps, have won her for my wife, had it not been for him, I am not blaming him at all. I am not animated by any spirit of vindictiveness in setting forth these facts, which he will never see. I write

it. Helen berself is dead, and Arnold Seypity him and do not blame him; he did not understand; he was dense, and obtuse, and She lived with her younger sister in a

village in the shires. Since they lost their mother she had taken the mother's place. Her eyes were deep and her face was grave; she had had many responsibilities, and they had left their mark upon her. She earned a hundred, or may be a couple of hundred, pounds a year by her penlittle sentimental stories in the ladies' paper-and this, coupled with her mother's small bequest, provided for the two girls' wants. Their cottage, which was freehold, was the prettiest thing you ever met with. It would almost reconcile you to poverty to see it so refined. Everything was of the cheapest, but dainty and well chosen. And there was a garden, with a few fruit trees and many flowers, so that their table never looked poor, although their menu might be but the cold remains of yesterday's joint.

The younger girl, Lilian, was exceedingly lovely; but after that not much remains to be said of her. It was Helen who contrived, Helen who decided everything. It was even Helen who made the little sacri-

"Lilian is such a child," she would say apologetically when this was pointed out to her, "she does not see; she is really more unselfish than I am." It was declared that she felt herself repaid for anything she might have done if Lillan gave her a passing kiss, and exclaimed, "What a dear you are!" And Lilian often exclaimed, "What a dear you are!"-carelessly, lightly. It was the way she discharged her obligations and showed her gratitude. One almost expected her to ask for a receipt afterwards, the phrase on her lips grew to have such a commercial briskness.

Many people noticed these details besides myself, I beg to say. And I would also mention that it was not because Lilian showed smail respect for my sacred calling that I disliked her. Were that so, I should have been as unfair as she was. I dislik-d ber simply and solely for her selfishness towards her sister. Nevertheless, her raillery and laughter hurt me sometimes in the presence of the other. I told her once, "I was a man before I was a curate." She answered me, "I wish you had remained one afterwards." And Helen turned her face away to hide a smile. Poor Helen; life held so few smiles for you, it was petty of me to grudge you one! Arnold Seymour and I had been at Cam-

bridge together. Of recent years I had sometimes met him, though we had never been more than acquaintances. One summer he appeared in Whitebridge, and told me he had come here to spend the vacation -he was at the bar-and to blow away the cobwebs of his chambers. I had not thought till then that the briefs were very many with him, but he spoke as if his parctice were a large one, and, seeing no reason why he should deceive me, I viewed him as a man who was already doing well. "And you," he said, stretching his legs in my sitting room on the evening of his arrival, "what do you do in this little heaven-deserted hole, my boy? Your conscientious sermon, your district visiting

your amicable tens with the provincial tabbies, no more? And are you satisfied with it, have you no ambition? Or do you look forward one day to being made a bishop?" He did not wait for an answer-he was never a man who cared to be answeredbut blew a huge cloud of cavendish from his pipe, and vowed a moment later that he would make me introduce him to all the people in the place. They will amuse me," he said, "by their

very primness; and I shall not stay long enough to let myself be bored!" It was in this way that I introduced him to Helen Townsend and her sister; and with that which followed I had little or

Helen grew to care for him, and he fell in love with Lilian. Helen grew to care for him, to watch for his coming, to find the day dreary while he was away. Lilian, flattered by attentions which were new to her, was far from suspecting her sister's secret. Seymour, engrossed by Lilian's witcheries, regarded Helen less as a woman than a duenna. Only I, the man who loved her, saw the whole truth, and waited the result with trepidation. settled. I heard him with a feeling that I could not analyze. For my own sake had dreaded that Helen's romance should end happily; for hers I had shuddered at the prospect of him marying Lily.

He nodded, beaming at me from my rocking-chair. "Yes," he said, "I am engaged. At twenty, I scoffed; at thirty, I fall. And to a village beauty-strange, isn't it?" "Your 'village beauty,' " I replied, "suggests a dairymaid. You are marrying a gentlewoman; what more do you want?" "Nothing," he declared. "I am supremely content. We shall live, of course, in London, and town will soon bring my little Phyllis up to date. Congratulate me"

"You are engaged to Lilian?" I stam-

"Have you spoken to Miss Townsend yet?" I asked. "Miss Townsend has consented," he answered, "Between ourselves, old fellow, ! do not fancy she is too well pleased to be left alone. Not that she said anything, naturally; but I could see. Her manner gave one the impression of something held in reserve. I had thought more highly of her, but human nature is frightfully sel-

real truth. At the moment I hated him with all my heart. I called the following day at the cottage to tender my felicitations to the flancee. She was in the room alone. Helen, she told me, was sitting in the garden, the victim of a bad headache. "So irritating, isn't it?" she said with a pout. "And at a time when I want every

Not a perception, not an inkling of the

one around me to be nice and lively." I was curious to ascertain whether this girl, too, was wronging my dear one's mis-

"At least," I said, disingenuously, "you may be sure that in her heart she is as glad for you as you can be yourself?" Her evebrows rose involuntarily into her

"Perhaps," she responded. "But you mustn't forget it will be very dull for Helen after I am gone!" self-satisfied blindness!

Again the unworthy suspicion, again the "Where is Miss Helen?" I inquired, "May I join her?" "Oh, do," said Lilian, "and try to send her indoors again to better company!"

She was sitting under the apple tree, her hands lying listlessly in her lap. It needed all my pains to conceal the compassion that she made me feel. To see her so, to know how those about her were misjudging the sorrow that she was struggling to hide, nearly choked me. "I was told you were not well," I said

with an effort. "I hope it is not serious? "It is nothing-nothing at all!" she murcourse? And it was you who introduced Mr. Seymour to us-how grateful to you she

"And you," I questioned, "are you, too, There was a pause, so brief that under ordinary circumstances I should have failed to notice it "Look at my sister's happy face," she re-

plied, gently, "and ask me then if you still All my love for her, the love I knew was vain, but could not stem, mounted to my brain and clamored for confession. care for me very ardently; at least, you do | babies but I?" not dislike me, and I am satisfied with that. Will you come to me after you lose your sis- | mind I thought that for the support of

to make you happy, dear?" She put her hand on mine with a gesture which was a denial before she spoke.

meant to be any man's wife. I will not say that you will be sure to forget this soon-I know, or at least can guess, that such sufferings as yours is not forgotten easily-but do your best to forget-your utmost! Be cause never, never shall I marry as long as

I kissed her fingers before they crept up to her eyes, and, turning on my heel, went Is Helen stopping out there still?" cried Lily, "Some patterns for my things have ust come down, and I want her to help me She fluttered the samples com-

Lily became Mrs. Arnold Seymour, and

Helen lived on in Whitebridge alone. She

lowed her sister's wedding. The gravity of her manner deepened, and I fancied that she buried herself in her work less from delight in it, or from a desire of the pecuniary rethan to divert the current of her sent her an invitation to go and stay a week with them in London. The first time she made some excuse; the second time she went, and returned before the week had expired; the third she declined again. When a child was born, however, it was impossible for her to refuse to visit them, and after that I gathered that Helen Townsend had gained an interest in her life. It became her pleasure to make things for the child-tiny garments, on which she lavished a wealth of the most intricate stiches. She never made a journey into the neighboring town without coming back with a cloak, or some pinafores, or a sunbonnet, or a toy. If Lilian were as devoted to her

baby as its aunt was, the mite was indeed indulged, I thought. At the same time I doubted whether Lilian would ever be very devoted in any capacity. I sounded Helen once on the subject; "Is she a very proud mamma?" I asked. "Very!" answered Helen; "and a perfectly contented wife-of would be if-. They are not overburdened with money, you

I had not known and said as much. "On the contrary," I answered, "Mr. Seymour led me to believe he was an exceedingly busy man. am afraid, then, that he was guilty of

a little professional brag," Helen said; "though, of course, what is a scanty income for a family might easily have been enough for the requirements of a bachelor. No. their circumstances are scarcely affluent, that is the truth. I began to think that her attentions to her niece's wardrobe and her industry with her pen might have deeper motive than I had

I had never distressed her by recurring to the love I felt for her, and, perhaps in reward for this, she had come to admit me to more intimate confidence than that which had subsisted between us formerly. By degrees she used to discuss the Seymours' position with me quite frankly, suppressing only the fact of the assistance appeared to me, though I refrained from expressing the opinion, that Seymour had committed an unjustifiable act in marrying while his practice was yet so slight, and I wondered how Lilian bore the unexpected straits to which his concealment of his position had subjected her. When they had been man and wife for nearly two years, the birth of a second child

again with them, and a few days later I received a note from her to say that her return to Whitebridge was delayed by her sister's condition. It was easy to read between the lines that it gave her cause for some anxiety. I waited eagerly for the next letter; she had promised to report to me the turn that

added to his responsibilities. Helen was

For nearly a week no further tidings came, and then a hurried line reached me to the effect that Lilian was dangerously

It seemed to me no intrusive step, under the circumstances, to present myself at the house, and the same day I took a ticket to London, arriving at St. Pancras in the afternoon, and driving to the address in West Kensington at once. I was a little dismayed, when the cab stopped, to find the place a rather shabby lodging. Helen had never gone into details with me, and I had assumed that they were

living in a house of their own. The flyblown pasteboard bearing the legend "Furnished Apartments," the slipshod servant and the dirty passage were a revelation which momentarily made me doubt the delicacy of my visit. In response to my inquiry, I was shocked to learn that Mrs. Seymour was not expected to last the day, and, giving the giri my card, I was on the point of turning

away, when Helen came down the stairs. "Oh," she exclaimed, "this is good-this is kind of you!" She gave me her hand, and I pressed it in token of sympathy. You have heard-?" she faltered.

"I am bitterly, terribly grieved," I answered. "Still, let us hope and pray for the best. And the child?" "The child is doing well," she said; "but Arnold's agony is appalling. He will scarcely look at it; he blames the poor little mite for Lillian's danger.' "A man's sorrow must always blame something," I said, a shade sententiously. "Is she conscious?"

'No; not since early this morning." I asked if there was anything I could do. She thanked me, and answered that there 'You will not go back to Whitebridge today?" she questioned. "To-morrow," I declared; "and to-night ! will just come to the door again in hope of

better news.' As I was taking my leave the untidy servant girl hurried to Helen with some mumbled message and a slip of paper; and saw Helen's hand go into her pocket and extract a purse. I descended the steps with my heart heavy for this woman, who having failed to attract the man she loved had yet so much of the responsibilities of marriage without any of its joys. When I presented myself at the house again I was asked to enter, and the maid of all work supplemented the invitation by

"Mrs. Seymour is dead." Prepared in a measure as I had been for it the intelligence dealt me a severe blow. I felt my face turn white, and for a moment I could not reply. "Dead!" I said at last. "When did she "The pore lady died about a hour after you went, sir," she answered; "and Mr. Seymour he's just took on awful."

Helen came in as she was speaking. Her eyes were red with weening, and for a few seconds after the servant's withdrawal we were both silent. When I tried to express my compassion she silenced me, in pity for the effort: "I know," she murmured, "there is no

need-I know!" She sank into an armchair, and I stood on the hearth, watching her. The clock ticked loudly, and confused me; I could still think of nothing to say. But it was she who broke the pause, and I who was required to listen. She was good enough to tell me she wanted my advice, and, though this was scarcely the truth, she gave me her confidence, which was honor enough.

"What is it about?" I inquired. "It is about Arnold-about the children," said she. "Something must be done at once. He has no means to give them a home, and it would be preposterous besides to leave such young children to a man's care." "You must not harass yourself with matters of that sort yet awhile." I interposed: "we will discuss everything later." "It is not so sudden as you may imagine," she answered. "We had looked for my poor girl's death this three days." She sobbed. and turned aside a little. "I have seen for some time that the children must come to

me; I want to know what you think of the "Have you suggested it to Mr. Seymour "Not vet; but he cannot refuse," she said. "It will be very-very hard on you, Miss Townsend. "Hard? On me? Ah, no, it will be hard

hat that makes me reluctant to propose it. To lose his wife and part from his children at one fell swoop, it seems cruel!" "May I speak quite freely?" I demanded. "If you please." Is he, then, not in a position to retain them if he wishes it? His income is not decreased in any way by this sad event. What he could do before, it appears to me he might do still. Pecuniarily, he does not

on the father who must let them go. It is

"You do not understand," she said, There have been complications all the "And you" I ventured next, "Forgive me, but, if I follow you exactly, the cost of the children's maintenance would devolve upon yourself. Can you afford it. either?" "I?" She smiled sadly, "It will be a joy to me. I do not commit many extravagances; I am entitled to one, I think, withut comment. Hesides, Arnold will assist, of course, when he is able. My idea is this: that he should be free of the cares that have weighed upon him so heavily during mured. "You came to congratulate Lily, of the last two years; that he should live as I treat. The nearest lake has been reached a single man until his practice improves. He can give up these rooms; he can live cheaply and easily at one-half the expense he is put to now. He will feel new-born when his misery begins to fade a little. The duns, the bills, the perpetual effort to | and a high range of mountains. This range pay \$10 out of a five-pound note, all that you go you must see him, if it is only for teration the worries have made in his arlease of life, to give his talents scope to my brain grew dizzy, I could get no air exert themselves. Poor fellow, he has been | and the breath seemed to stop in my throat. "Helen," I said, "I think you know what | crippled and bound by all his anxieties. I turned back just in time to save my want to say, I think you have known it | And then I love the little ones, and I loved | life, and when I reached the forests of should take care of my darling's

What could I answer? though in my own ter?-will you be my wife, and let me try | Arnold Seymour's children to devoive upon the woman he had not married was the Boston Transcript. I shook the widower by the hand less cor- with the accent on the last syllable are gocruelest irony of fate.

room in which she was accustomed to write

The children thrived and grew sturdy under her care. She lavished on these two little nieces a wealth of tenderness and solicitude that rendered her spinsterhood an even more pathetic sight to witness than it had been before. She was a mother them in the highest, the noblest meaning of the word. And as the children grew strong and gay, so more and more of Helen's youth seemed to vanish from her. It was as if the lives she watched absorbed it; as if, like parasites, they flourished on the stem they sapped. When they had been with her for two years there was an additional sedateness in her manner; when they had been with her for five, she no longer looked a young woman. Indeed, she no longer regarded herself as a young woman; she spoke of things "unbefitting to my age." Yet she was more beautiful than ever; more than ever I loved her; more than ever, I was secretly convinced, her own heart belonged to the man who had not guessed the tenderness he had inspired. He was latterly, I gathered, making som progress in his profession; and I gathered it from the fact that during the last twelve months Helen had several times spoken to me proudly of remittances that he had sent. Previously she had omitted all mention of promised assistance, and it had not needed much acumen on my part to understand that the promise was not being fulfilled. Her silence on the point and the rewere explicit enough.

doubled assiduity with which she worked Upon the few occasions upon which he had run down to the village I had seen but little of him, though he appeared to see me. His well-cut clothes, his admirable boots and his hat, his silver-headed walking-cane itself, jarred upon me, contrasting them with the rigid economy of the woman who supported his children. I knew, however, that he wrote to her frequently, and did not fail to express his gratitude and appreciation to her in well balanced periods, which she thought as beautiful as they were undeserved. Now that he was actually sending a little money towards the expenses she held him a veritable hero, rising, Phoenix-like,

above the misfortunes of a malignant fate. Yes, it is quite the truth that to his sisterin-law Arnold Seymour was a hero. She reread his letters; she prayed for his success; his little girls believed him the most noble man who had ever lived. She talked to them of their father in a voice which, to me who listened, was a confession of her love. When he was coming to see them her eyes would sparkle, her cheeks would flush, almost she was again young. More than once I had been tempted to plead my cause with her anew, and always unconsciously she would in this way give me my answer before I spoke. What she anticipated-whether she anticipated anything-I could not judge, but that she still loved Arnold Seymour with all her soul I had no manner of doubt. One afternoon when I went to see her she

seven years before, I had asked her to be my wife, and she and I sat chatting by the "He is coming down," she said, with a delighted tremor in her tones; "he will be here by tea-time. You must stay and meet

children were romping in the garden, where,

I made some objection, but she overruled 'He would be hurt," she said, "if you ran away. He even refers to you in his letter. Take down a book from the shelves, and amuse yourself while I make the chicks nice and smart for 'papa. She called them in, and retired with them upstairs, whence I could hear laughs and

splashings. The servant came in with the tea-things, and laid the Table with the best service and little glass bowls full of flowers, in whose arrangement I detected the handiwork of Helen. The brilliancy of the day was subsiding, and the room and the fruit trees beyond were mellowed in the radiance of the declining sun. The breath of the hay blew in with the light breeze. It was very charming when Arnold Seymour sauntered up the path. Nothing was incongruous but Arnold Seymour. He was so kind as to profess himself en-

looked at Helen's eyes as she greeted him, I could easily have wished myself away. He kissed his daughters ardently and produced for their delectation some trifling presents from his bag. "As a matter of fact, old fellow," he said to me, "I was coming round to your quarters to see you presently. I want you to put me up for the night, if you will; we can have a talk together, you and I.' To Helen he said, "Send the children away for a while, will you? We can get on better without them.' I took this as a hint to make my departure, but he detained me. "After all, you may just as well hear

chanted to find me there, though, when

what I have to say now," he observed. "Helen won't mind, I am sure." I resumed my seat, and he lit a cigarette before continuing. "Helen," he said, "and you, my dear fellow, you are the two best friends I have in the world. One of you is the sister of my poor wife, and the other introduced me to her. When I lost her life seemed finished to me; and I have no hesitation in declaring that everything I have to-day is due to the tenderness of the woman who has

been a comrade to myself and a mother to my babies." He flicked the ash off the cigarette, and paused a moment. I took advantage of the pause to lift my eyes from the floor and glance at Helen, whose color was flutter-

ing in her cheeks. "But for Helen, here," he pursued, 'Helen, whom the world calls my sisterin-law, but whom I, as I have said, call my 'comrade,' I should now have been an adventurer in the Colonies. She took my children, she permitted me to continue my profession, she has been loyal and tender and devoted. I owe her so much that I am glad, and indeed proud, to acknowledge it before another-to have another present to see how I have come to her to-day.' "Arnold," she said, and something I had never seen there before was in her face. "I am succeeding," said Arnold, "by slow degrees I am making a respectable practice, and I propose to take a step which I want to discuss with you. Helen, I am anxious to marry again; but you have been everything to me, and I cannot do it without you sanction and approval. It will advance me very much in my profession, the marriage I project; it will bring me many briefs, and, later on, in all probability, a very fine appointment. But if you think I should be wronging your sister's memory, if you think I should be behaving badly to the children in giving them a stepmother, I will waive my interests and my affection for the lady, and obey your wish. There is nothing to cry for-I will obey

I had not known she was crying, for I could not look. "Answer me," he said; "what is your The tears came at the thought of parting with the children," murnured Helen; "and they were foolish, selfish tears." can bring them up very differently, if marry," urged Arnold." She has a large

fortune; they will have every advantage that wealth can give.' I got up and looked out of the window The sunset had faded, and the shadows were falling upon the trees and flowers. For a second neither the man nor the woman behind me spoke. Only the wind. which had risen, moaned a little among the boughs. "I pray that you may be very, very hapthe voice I loved said steadily. And, turning, I asked Seymour to give me one of his cigarettes, in order that Helen

might snatch a moment to look out of the window, too. -F. C. Phillips, in London. World.

THE COCAPAH DESERT. The Most Arid and Dangerous Place in the Known World.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "It is not generally known that the hottest, most arid desert in the world is in the United States, but such is the fact,' said R. C. McKeighan, of San Diego. "The Copapah desert is small, but it is the most dangerous of any in the known world Standing upon the mountain range to the east, leading across the sixty miles of plain to another mountain range on the west, with glimpses of two small lakes midway between, it does not appear that it requires any extraordinary feat of danger or endurance to cross the plain. And this has caused the loss of many lives. The sand of that desert is so hot that in a few miles the shoes will be literally burned off the traveler's feet, beasts will be overcome before half the distance is encompassed, and the adventurous traveler dies in agony, literally consumed with heat from without and thirst within. Many have been known to attempt the journey, and and finding it salt water, had beaten a reoften enough to know that it ebbs and flows with the Gulf of California, and the water is the same, hence it must be a part the mountain once more I was delirious for hours."

The Pronunciation Fiend.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Cupid at the College. Through golden haze the olden days Adown the distance glimmer; In silver sheen the nights between Through mem'ry's arches shimmer. With hopes replete, with gladsome feet, We trod the paths of knowledge, And owned full well the magic spell Of Cupid at the college.

Or subjects mathematic? "The light that lies in Beauty's eyes" Made dullest themes ecstatic. O eyes so true! O bonny hue Of well remembered tresses!

What though we'd speak of classic Greek,

O memory of ecstasy Of uncaressed caresses! Though we remained but briefly chained By each love-(we are human)-We learned the good of womanhood, And reverence for woman.

We prize like pearls the various girls That knew our youthful favor; And memory brings no bitter stings Or sharp, unwelcome flavor. We backward gaze along the ways

Where then our feet were moving, Nor count it shame that Cupid came To light our lives with loving. -R. E. Pretlow. Anna Karenina.

This love to madness and this love to ruin. This love that flickers and goes out so soon, So rich in sorrow and so poor in joy. Its value minimed by its base alloy.

Though round my soul the hell flames creeping higher, Still pleading conscience seems to me a liar, That fain would kill me on pretext to save, Or, worse, would save me for the living

My fate is fixed; behold, the die is cast! The outer post of hope is long since past, And plain as light the writing on the wall In deadly silence mocks my coming fall. I am a fool; ah, name me what you will; Content with folly I would love him still,

And count that blessed which is called a Salt Lake City. -D. J. Rice.

Would wrong myself, the world, and even

Experience. What little things our lives do hinge upon! One day a tranquil creature, all content And happy, willing that the hours be spent In even tone, no change, no incident,

Until upon a sudden, we awake. Perhaps a grief, a joy, perhaps a sin Has aroused the spirit dull within, But something happens and our lives

And though no one knows what has waken-And though none may guess what has

stirred my soul, Yet the wise can see we have paid the toll Which the gods demand ere we touch the -May W. Donnan.

The Captain's Secret. There was bay upon his forehead. There was Glory in his name; He had led his country's cohorts Through the crimson field of fame. Yet from his breast at midnight, When the throng had ceased to cheer. He took a faded blossom And kissed it with a tear. A little faded violet. A bloom of withered hue: But more than fame

Of loud acclaim He prized its faded blue. We have all a hidden story Of a day more bright and dear: We may hide it with our laughter-It will haunt us with a tear, And we've all some little keensake Where no eye can ever mark, And like the great comman-ler. We kiss it in the dark.

A little faded violet. Perchance a loop of gold, A gift of love We prize above All that the earth can hold.

-Samuel Minturn Peck. The Passing Year. Are you rich in the years of bright gold Yet untold? Do they leisurely go,

Like a dream that is fair. Or a prayer? be wise; use them well! You shall know How the years growing shorter, with good can increase. And a life at the end be transfigured with Does the thought that so many few years

Give you pain? O, be glad that your quest Brings you into the light, From the night, And the worker at last has his rest! In the homeland above are no sorrows, no And the life they live there is not measured by years. -Jewish Messenger.

Before the Daybreak. Before the daybreak shines a star That in the day's full glory fades; Too fiercely bright is the great light

That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids. Before the daybreak sings a bird That stills her song at morning's light; Too loud for her is the day's stir. The woodland's thousand tongued delight.

Ah, great the honor is to shine A light wherein no traveler errs; And rich the prize, to rank divine Among the world's proud choristers. But I would be that paler star,

And I would be that lonelier bird, To shine with hope while hope's afar, And sing of love when love's unheard -F. W. Bourdillon. "My True Love Lies Asleep." My true love lies asleep

In some most heavenly place; She hath a lily in her hand, A smile upon her face. The dear white roses come And climb about her there; The sweetest winds you ever heard

Go singing down the air. The roses climb so high, The grasses grow so deep, You cannot see her where she lies.

A-smiling in her sleep. -Lisette Woodworth Reese.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. Women in western Andalusia earn 60 cents

Over 6,000 persons sleep in the open air in London nightly.

Spain has fewer daily papers than any other country in Europe. The savings banks depositors of this country have \$1,712,769,026 on deposit. During four centuries only 5,020 tons of gold has been produced in the world. In Paris the undertaking business is monopolized by the city government. "Aesop's Fables," by Caxton, 1484, was the first book with its pages numbered.

Three women whose united ages are 260

years have just left England for a trip to

There are seventeen crematories for the burning of human bodies in the United Shigaken Osaka claims to have a dwarf thirty-six years old who is only seventeen Crucifixion is the method of sacrifice adopted in the Bevin country on the west coast of Africa.

There are 25,530 negro schools in the South, where 2,250,000 negroes have learned to read and most of them to write. In order to protect an invention all over the world no less than sixty-four patents are required at a cost of about \$17,500. It has been estimated that it will require eighty-five men working every day until 1947 to unearth the entire ruins of Pompeii. Whites are not as well gifted in hearing as the colored races. Neither can white animals hear so well as those of other hues. The only marble bridge in the world is on the Marietta & North Georgia railroad. It is native stone and the only kind to be had. White horses are no longer used in the money," replied Hostetter. German army, as, owing to the introduction

of smokeless powder, they are too conspic-"I am so sorry," she said softly, "so terribly sorry and pained. Yes, I did know, I home by an early train next morning. A gilken prayer book has been woven the completion of happen to meet you, doctor. Do you know would not ask me! fortnight later Helen took up her residence wondering what fad their unwilling ears which has taken three years. The prayers we have been suffering for some time from the completion of the prayers we have been suffering for some time from the completion of the prayers which has taken three years. The prayers we have been suffering for some time from the completion of the prayers which has taken three years. The prayers we have been suffering for some time from the completion of the prayers which has taken three years. The prayers we have been suffering for some time from the completion of the prayers which has taken three years. The prayers we have been suffering for some time from the completion of the prayers which has taken three years. The prayers which has taken three years. are not printed on the silk, but woven. | -from-I think you term it congestion of | *Daily, except Sunday.

Will help you most. Great expensive cry in advertisement makes you no money. You can profit in the modest way of our announcement. We stake our honor when we claim that no other concern will, from now on, sell fine suits and overcoats as cheap as No. 10 West Washington Street.

Five hundred copies were "struck off" the loom and are bought for wedding presents by rich people. Two Scotch scientists have just figured

out that power equal to 145 horses would be required to propel a whale through the water at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Professor Dolbear says a powerful searchlight could project a beam to Mars in four minutes which could be seen and responded to if they have the apparatus that we have. Prof. George H. Darwin estimates that 57,000,000 years have elapsed since the moon's mass was shed from the revolving molten earth, long before the formation of

A set of iron fetters were exhumed in the church vard of St. Andrews, Newcastleupon-Tyne, recently. It is supposed that a malefactor had been buried with the fetters attached to his ankles.

The longest single span of telegraph wire in the world is over the river Kistna, between Bezvara and Bezwarra, India, for a length of more than six thousand feet, at a height of 1,200 feet. In the four years ending 1891 there were 15,947 murders in the United States. But 1,050

of the murderers were ever called to account for their crimes, and of these 410 were hanged and 640 lynched. The home of David H. Sweetzer at Lynn, Mass., has been owned by members of his family for the past two centuries and a His ancestor, Hugh Allen, settled upon the property in 1665.

The longest voyage on record in a balloon was made by John S. Wise, from St. Louis to Henderson, N. Y., in July, 1859-a distance of 850 miles, which was made in nineteen hours, or at the rate of forty-six miles State Geologist Smock, of New Jersey who has been on a business trip to Holland, says he thinks 300,000 acres of New

Jersey meadow land can be reclaimed by adopting the Holland system of embankments and dikes. To convey an idea of the density of the population of the portion of India occupied by some of the American missions it may be stated that there is a village of from 200 to 500 people on every farm. This dense population is increasing rapidly.

The navigation of the Dead sea is the latest step in Oriental progress. The Sultan has sent two sailing vessels there, one for freight and one for passengers. Abdul Hamid is going to try to make money out of the salt, bitumen and sulphur of the The expression "A No. 1" is taken from

the symbols of the "British and Foreign Shipping List" of the English firm of Lloyds. "A" is used to designate the condition of the hull of a vessel, and the figure "1" to denote the efficient state of her anchors, cables, etc. There is a church seating capacity in this country for 43,000,000 people. There are 111,036 ministers: this would give to each

minister a congregation of 387. If it were not for the unequal distribution of the church facilities it might appear that the purely evangelistic work of home missions s more urgent than the work of church The postmaster of Lecompton, Kan., has a unique letter head on his stationery. It

reads: "United States of America, Postoffice Department, W. S. Bissell, Postmas-ter-general. Local headquarters, Lecompton, Kansas, W. R. Smith, Postmaster. Stamps sold good to carry mail matter to all parts of the world. Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to me. Patronize home institutions." The largest wharf on the Pacific coast

s at Santa Monica, Los Angeles county California. It sticks out into the Pacific ocean almost a mile, being 4,693 feet long. It is 131 feet wide, and has seven railroad tracks. Eight ships of a draught of twentyeight feet (deeper than most of the freight ships of the world) can discharge cargo into Southern Pacific railroad cars at once at this big pier without crowding.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Much to Be Thankful For. New York Weekly.

Minks-Well, for one thing, it crowded

greatly benefited by the world's fair?

the war articles out of the magazines. In Vienna. Wife of American Minister-Dear me. Mr. Penrose, who is that beautiful Russian in the shockingly decollete gown?

Mr. Penrose-I think that must be one of

Binks-Do you think the country has been

Just Why.

the Orioffs.

New York Recorder. "Oh, I say, Smithers, why are gas meters like the Arabs?" "Don't know, Jonesy. Because every man's hand is against them? "No. Because they evidently silently steal away.'

Wee Women. Good News. Mother-How did you like that little girl you got acquainted with? Little Dot-I didn't like her a bit. She's jus' horrid. She talked so much about her dolls that I didn't get a chance to talk

about my dolls. His Point of View. Pretty Teacher-Now, Johnny Wells, can

Professor-I have.

every week.

you tell me what is meant by a miracle? Johnny-Yes, teacher; mother says if you don't marry the new parson it will be a Teacher-You may sit down. A Conscientious Professor. New York Weekly.

Judge-Have you hypnotized the prisoner?

"I am waiting for you to decide whether

I shall make him confess that he did it, or make him confess that he didn't. Unavailable.

'Well what are you waiting for?"

New York Weekly. Close Merchant-Yes, sir, I want a new bookkeeper; but you won't do. Applicant-May I ask why? Close Merchant-You are bald as a billiard ball, sir. A man with no hair to wipe his pen on will rust out a whole box

Could Pick Her Friends. Good News. Little Ethel-I wish I could get 'quainted

with Susie Sweet, but I can't. She's awful exclusive. Mother-Exclusive? Why, I never even heard of the family Little Ethel-Didn't you? Her mother keeps a candy stand. Almost an Insult.

"Can you let me have \$5? I left my

money at home and I haven't a cent with me." said Johnnie Fewscads to his friend, Hostetter McGinnis. "Sorry I can't lend you \$5, but here is a nickel. You can ride home and get your Medical Advice.

the brain, and besides, we experience great difficulty in walking? What would you advise us to take, now?

Doctor—A cab, ladies, a cab.

A Delicate Compliment.

Poet-Have you read my poem "The Sempiternal Threnodies?" Candid Friend-Yes, I've read it, but-but -to be perfectly candid, I can't understand Poet (delighted)-You can't? Oh, come, now, you're trying to flatter me.

Trusting to Signs. New York Weekly. He (to himself, in a dark corner of the

road were exchanging reminiscences.

conservatory)-She has sat by my side for half an hour without saying a word. I will hesitate no longer. "A woman is silent with the man she loves," says Ovid. She loves me, and I will-She (suddenly)-Oh, I beg your pardon sir. I really believe I have been asleep. His Proudest Day.

Two fellow travelers on a Western rall-

"What was the proudest day of your

life?" asked one. 'The day I was married. When I stood up to claim my bride I felt as if all the world were beneath me.' "A very natural feeling."
"Particularly in my case. We were married in a balloon.

Good News Mother-Back already? Well, I'm glad it's over. Did the tooth hurt much when Small Son-I-I didn't have it out. "What? Didn't you go to the dentist's?

"Yes'm, but there was two people ahead

"Why didn't you wait?"

A Considerate Boy.

"I-I was 'fraid they'd feel 'shamed 'f I stayed and heard them holler." CURES RISING : BREAST :

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